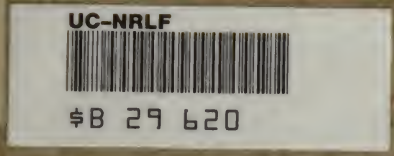
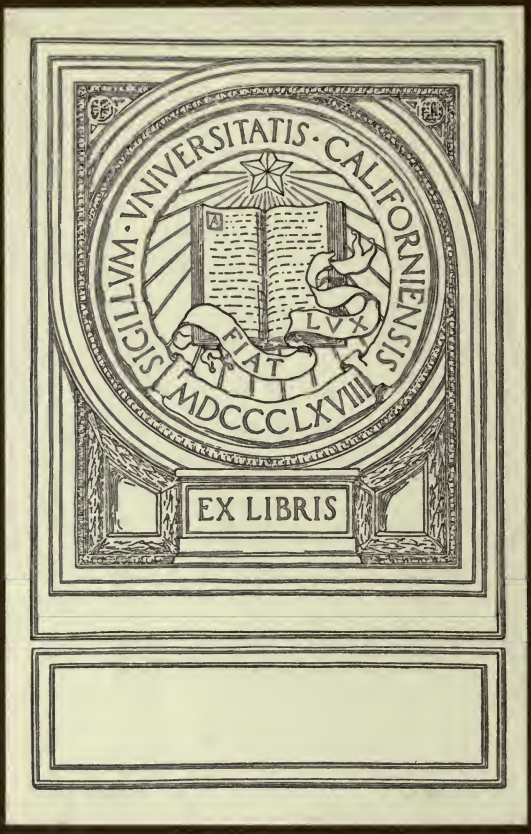
914z
H192
C319



Carroll

914z H192 C319

YC 16513


SIGILLVM · VNIVERSITATIS · CALIFORNIENSIS
FIAT
LVX
MDCCCLXVIII
EX LIBRIS

MEMORIAL

OF

GERARD HALLOCK:

Digitized by Microsoft®
in 2007 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

BY

J. HALSTED CARROLL.

http://www.archive.org/details/memorialofgerard00carr rich

MEMORIAL

OF

GERARD HALLOCK:

BY

J. HALSTED CARROLL.

NEW HAVEN.

PRINTED BY TUTTLE, MOREHOUSE & TAYLOR.

1866.

914.3
H192
C319

UNIV OF
CALIFORNIA

The following Discourse was delivered in the South Congregational Church, New Haven, January 14th, 1866. In this delineation of Mr. Hallock's character, the author's thanks, for valuable assistance, are due to his honored predecessor, under whose ministry the deceased united with the Church; also to the elder brother of the deceased; and to the family for generous access to private correspondence—the letters of father and of husband.

M160451

DISCOURSE.

"Behold an Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile."—*John* v: 47.

"For he loveth our nation, and he hath built us a synagogue."—*Luke* vii: 5.

Gerard Hallock, our dear departed brother, of whom we stand pledged to say something commemorative to-day, was born in Plainfield, Mass., on the eighteenth of March, in the year 1800. He was the son of Rev. Moses Hallock, highly distinguished among the ministers of his day for his humility and devotion. In 1815, when fifteen years of age, he entered Williams College, and graduated in 1819 with the second honor in his class, having left the first to his brother, Rev. Wm. A. Hallock, D.D., then six years older than himself.

Their excellent father had educated these two sons for the ministry, and sent them, though not yet converted, to Andover to study divinity. There William professed religion and became a minister of the gospel. But Gerard, despairing of his own conversion, left Andover, and in 1823 entered upon that calling in life, in his judgment second only to the ministry in Christian usefulness, the editing of a religious newspaper. He was soon invited to exchange his prospering infant enterprise for one of the same kind, more responsible and remunerative, and accepted the invitation. Very soon he was called to another position of the same kind, still more extensive and commanding, and this too he accepted. In 1827, to reform and christianize, if possible, the political press of the country, the *Journal of Commerce* was established, and having failed in the hands of Mr. Maxwell, of Va., and Mr. (now Dr.) Bushnell, of Conn., it was offered to Mr. Hallock in 1828. Upon reflection, he accepted the proposal

made, became a joint proprietor with David Hale, Esq., and continued to discharge the onerous and honorable duties of the position until August 31st, 1861. At this time, a summary process of one branch of the government against the Journal, summoned him, in its operation, to decide whether he would surrender his principles, or his paper. On that day Mr. Hallock retired from all connection with the *Journal of Commerce*, after a laborious, successful, valuable, and honorable editorial career of thirty-eight years. Since that time, he has been living quietly at his home in this city, as a private citizen, finding his principal interest in his Christian duties. His health began to fail nearly three years ago; he became desperately ill not long since, and under a terrible complication of diseases, he departed this life at his residence, on Thursday, the 4th of January.

When a man of mark, merit, and benevolent achievement passes away, it is manifestly proper that his surviving neighbors should turn aside

from ordinary business and spend an hour in surveying the *work he has done*, and the *powers that wrought it*, that thus they may cherish a grateful memory of the departed, and commend his example to universal imitation.

It is hard to compute Mr. Hallock's work for man. It may be said, in *general*, that he has left the world the benefit of a long life of unblemished morality, terminating in later years in a personal christianity most consistent, liberal, regular, and zealous. It may be said, in *particular*, that for a considerable period he conducted religious journals in different cities, by universal consent, with distinguished ability; that by prominent co-operation he secured the establishment of the Southern Aid Society, and thus contributed to re-open a channel for the disbursement of Northern Missionary funds at the South after the original avenue had been closed by the national organization; that by troubling himself to obtain some history of the parties, and the sums required for their libera-

tion, by repeated brief and earnest solicitations in his paper for the necessary contributions additional to his own, and by receiving and transmitting the sums contributed, and continuing this operation for a succession of months, or years, to his honor we record it, Mr. Hallock secured the liberation of a large multitude of slaves; and finally, that he constructed a commodious, excellent, and well furnished Christian sanctuary, and donated to its occupants a liberal support for a succession of years.

But we must pass by these and similar services, to find Mr. Hallock's pre-eminently valuable work on earth. Half a century ago all good men felt, and the common parlance of the world confessed, that every Christian virtue had long been banished from the political journals of the day. It was solemnly proposed by good men, into this most important but abandoned field to attempt the introduction of Christian morality, dignity, charity, and truth. To accomplish this worthy end, the *Journal of Commerce* was

established in 1827, and committed to the editorship of two of the most talented and distinguished men of that day. The enterprise failed and was about to be abandoned, when, as a last resort, Mr. Hallock was earnestly besought to undertake the discouraging task. As we have seen, he did so, and all admit that he maintained the Christian virtues in the conduct of a political paper,—that very platform on which such virtue had been strangled for a generation.

In proof of this important fact we shall adduce but two witnesses. The first is popular concession. A few days ago, a retired merchant in Brooklyn, with much earnestness thus addressed a friend:—"I hear that Mr. Hallock is sick. Do remember me to him most kindly. I love and honor that man. For thirty years before I knew him, I could find the truth nowhere but in his paper, and I always found it there." Now just what this man affirms of the truthfulness of Mr. Hallock and his paper,

has been asserted by the impartial men of all parties, in all sections of the country, for the last thirty years. Should this testimony be disputed, we present a more incontrovertible witness. In Mr. Hallock's house there is a service of plate, bearing this inscription:

"*Presented to Gerard Hallock, Esq., by his fellow citizens, as a memento of their regard and esteem for the able, faithful, and impartial manner in which he has discharged his duties to the public as editor of one of the principal journals during the interesting and exciting Presidential campaign of* 1844."

This service of silver was presented to Mr. Hallock by men of *both* political parties, in nearly equal numbers.

He was one of the most immutable of men. What was true of the principles of his editorship in 1844, was equally true of his habitual practice both before and since that period.

Now if for the weal of men in the preservation of truth, he stepped upon one of the most crowded, and popular, and powerful arenas of human life, where Christianity had been

thrown down and trodden under foot for half a century—I say, if Mr. Hallock did indeed stem that fierce torrent and act out the saving principles of Christian virtue boldly and successfully for four and thirty years, then *here* is a work whose manifold important benevolent bearings human arithmetic can hardly compute. Think of all the moral and religious intelligence, doctrines, and counsels, which from this elevated stand-point were dispersed over a broad area of ruling mind, for four and thirty years! Think of all the commanding influence of the *Journal of Commerce* over the democratic press of the country, and the necessary exemplary power, restraining and sanctifying, upon all the hostile cotemporary journals of the city and the land, for the same long period. Think of all the shaping of events and measures, of the course of parties, of the destiny of the nation, by those valued editorials, so seasonable, massive, well-poised, sagacious, and intrepid—for the same long period! And who, I say, can

readily comprehend all the work done for Christianity and the country by his protracted services in the conduct of the *Journal of Commerce* for four and thirty years! Surely to accomplish all this, some sort of *power* was necessary. What was that power?

Gerard Hallock was a man of no ordinary *intellect*. So thought his classmates, accustomed as they were to recur to his high scholarship for the solution of the mysterious problems of the lesson they did not comprehend. So thought the Faculty of Williams College, when, at his graduation, they awarded to him these prominent distinctions, the Greek Oration and the Poem. So thought the Christian public, when they furnished so liberal a patronage to three religious papers of which he was successively the editor. So thought the political world, when, through its flattering countenance that very journal which two selected men from the north and south had failed to set in motion, through his supervision

had been gradually worked up to a position of unexampled prosperity and power. So thought the government, when they ascertained that the editorials of the *Journal of Commerce* exercised so commanding an influence over the press of the land.

Were the intellect of Mr. Hallock subjected to a careful analysis, it would probably be pronounced eminently excellent in four respects.

Its *simplicity*. Simplicity was the groundwork of every element which made up the man, and certainly pertained to his mind. In its structure and operations there was nothing stately or rigid; nothing showy; nothing angular or overstrained. On the contrary, in all its conceptions and utterance, his intellect was perfectly simple, natural, childlike, straight-forward.

Its *accuracy*. In all its judgments and statements, its arguments and language, Mr. Hallock's mind was extraordinarily accurate.

Its *strength*. Whenever he was found in

company, in his wisdom and modesty, he never opened his lips unless he had something to say. The moment he commenced to speak, every one felt that what he might say would well nigh settle all doubts upon the subject. Thus judged by *conversation*, all men felt the ruling strength of his mind. Try his intellect by the next theatre of display, *paragraph* writing. The editorials of the Journal, so seasonable and sagacious; so just and true; so full of common-sense and forecast,—verily, it would seem to be the general verdict, that for naked practical strength such another body of political paragraphs can scarcely be gathered from the press of the country. The last and highest ordinary ordeal for the trial of intellect is *polemic discussion*. He was a shrewd, expert, and powerful debater. He always exhibited a dignified spirit, and pressed the strong points. He knew how to assail, and how to retort; to detect a sophism, or despise an insult. He knew, too, when to administer the keen thrust,

and when to deal the heavy blow. In a word—to lay your hand upon the man who was a more accomplished polemic, or had successfully broken a lance with the editor of the *Journal of Commerce*, you would have to travel far, and then probably fail to find him. Thus, judged by any of the ordinary methods of testing mental strength; candor would certainly pronounce Mr. Hallock a man of *powerful* intellect.

After all, the crowning characteristic of his mind was *versatility*. He was ever ready for any mental work to which he might be called—narration, discussion, calculation, or prediction. In all these fields, be the topic what it might, he would throw out strong common-sense views which would be sure to commend themselves to the reader. And should you prefer an excursion to the regions of fancy, he could accompany you there. Beyond a question, he had all the temperament and genius of a *poet*. He who seeks satisfaction on this

point, may find it if he will peruse the fugitive productions of his youth, or the more delicate effusions of his riper years. Indeed, the Faculty of Williams College have well nigh settled this question. They knew him well, for they had the intimate handling of his mind for years. At his graduation, they awarded to him the Greek Oration, to fix the grade of his scholarship: and then, they awarded to him the Poem. Why? They then and there originated this distinction purposely to express their high admiration of his peculiar *poetic* temper and capacity. May we not say then, in conclusion, that Mr. Hallock's mind was characterized by distinguished excellence in *simplicity*, *accuracy*, *strength*, and *versatility*.

But why discuss the intellectual claims of our modest, noble brother, at this late day? The meed of superior faculties and scholarship has long been inscribed on the record of universal acknowledgment and admiration; and since his death, has been most cheerfully, hon-

orably, and abundantly conceded by the bitterest and ablest of his opponents in the editorial fraternity.

No man should be surprised that Mr. Hallock accomplished so valuable a work in life, when he reflects that his *moral character* was every way equal to his mental endowments. Nathaniel was an Israelite indeed, in whom was no guile. Barring idiocy and infamy, the negation of all guile is well nigh equivalent to the affirmation of all rectitude. How far our departed brother merited the encomium passed upon Nathaniel, none but Nathaniel's eulogist can accurately tell, especially as the deceased was singularly retiring and reticent, and therefore opened himself but very partially either to the observation or conversation of men. We do not wonder, then, that so many of his neighbors entertained the belief that he adopted his views of Southern institutions, simply to court the patronage of the South ; his political creed, only to curry favor with the dom-

inant party in politics; in a word, that he managed all his affairs with the single purpose of securing to himself material aggrandizement. Alas! How little did such men know of our departed brother! The world has seldom seen a more guileless man. He was a radiant representative of a class of virtues certainly the least conspicuous, if not the most worthy.

The deceased was eminently *pure*. Although he ever felt and freely owned himself one of the vilest of sinners, so diminutive were the vicious alloys of his character, and so infrequent their exhibition in life, that it is questionable whether his most intimate acquaintance could readily recur to a single act or expression of Mr. Hallock, which, at the time, he had naturally set down to passion, or pride, or ambition, or covetousness, or selfishness, or malice. Compared with men as we find them in life, it is indeed a hearty comfort to feel that our departed brother was remarkably pure.

The deceased was eminently *upright*. It would be hard to conceive a deeper implantation of the principle of justness than he uniformly exhibited. Who ever charged him with an act of injustice? Who ever found his own reasonable claims disputed by him? How conscientiously strict to enquire into all the circumstances of every case, that he might know all that was due? How patient to hear, how impartial to weigh, how fair and honest to decide upon every old suggestion, every new consideration, which a neighbor felt disposed to urge? Indeed, it may be said, without fear of contradiction, that he was accustomed through life to conduct and settle every successive transaction upon principles so every way just and fair, that the discovery of the slightest inequitableness perpetrated by himself, would have distressed him until the entire affair had been most thoroughly examined and righteously arranged.

The deceased was eminently *modest*. He

never spoke of himself, and never invited the commentary of another upon his performance. At the expense of style, he would write and re-write every word of his articles so as to express the exact truth, but never a word did his heart suggest or substitute to win the praise of men. No friend of the deceased could be more shocked than he would be by any man's affirmation that Mr. Hallock had assumed more than he was entitled to, or affected to be what, in truth, he was not. Through life he shunned the public eye, and was surprised and disconcerted by every honoring ascription. He sought to do his duty, and so seriously was this his one great aim, that few men were bold enough to venture a personal compliment in his presence. And yet he could be pleasant in view of some aspects of his self-abnegation. "I have been elected to-day to the very first office I ever held." "And pray what is that?" said his friend. He very pleasantly replied: "A *tithing-man* in the South Church."

The deceased was eminently *gentle.* He was never boisterous, or forward, or rude. True, his manners were often cold, and sometimes a little petulant; but who ever saw him in a passion? or felt that his heart was malignant, or his tongue vituperative? On the contrary, his spirit was almost uniformly bland and placid; his manner calm and gentle; his habit, taciturn and retiring. To the poor he was always attentive and respectful; to all men mild and courteous: amidst the prosperities of business just as simple and grave as ever; in all the distressing pangs of his last illness, his silence was never broken by the first note of complaint, but now and then relieved by a look or a word that seemed to proceed from studied cheerfulness within.

The deceased was eminently *truthful.* The all-dominant properties of his character, were simplicity, rectitude, and truth. He was certainly a man of singular veracity. He never uttered or suppressed a word, never acted or

failed to act, to produce a false impression. The truth, the literal, exact truth, he ever studied to speak. He withheld nothing that truth demanded; he did nothing to conceal the truth. To deceive his neighbor was the one thing he ever labored to avoid; to present the truth perfectly, the one thing he ever sought to accomplish.

The deceased was eminently *kind*. The poor know this. The Church of God knows this. And many a stranger knows this, who will never disclose to us the name of his benefactor till the judgment day. Nor is this the only undiscovered field of his sympathy. Few men know that one of Mr. Hallock's peculiar elevations above themselves lay in the fact that his benevolence was not confined to his race. If the numerous and diversified family of God's inferior creatures, who find a home round about his domicile from year to year, could manage to find a representative, they might experience a pleasing relief in bearing testi-

mony, that of all their fellow-creatures in this region of country, he was almost the only human being who practically acknowledged a common parentage with themselves. The *insects*, and *reptiles* would gratefully report that "when severe droughts threatened distress, and even destruction, our precious benefactor, with his own hands, would be sure to provide and to plant shallow receivers in every part of his premises, and would never forget to supply the same with that *water* which could be found nowhere else, though so indispensable to our comfort and our existence." The *birds*, too, would bear their happy testimony that—"in the spring of the year, when subjected elsewhere to such severe toil to find the proper soft, strong, and pliable material to make our nests, all around the premises of Mr. Hallock, convenient strips of suitable twine were scattered about upon the trees, the shrubs, and the fences, which greatly facilitated our labor, and braced, beautified, and perfected our little fam-

ily homes. And when, a few years ago, in mass we made him a responsive visit, in grateful remembrance of his annual contributions of bread and grain and twine, he recognized our common parentage, made a public record of our tuneful effort, and gave notice to men of the correspondence which exists between us." And ah! that household pet who so loved to recline about his feet, and to occupy the soft cushion of his arm-chair when he left it—what a story he could tell! Down to his dying day, though pressed into the grave by an almost unprecedented complication of dreadful distempers, if our departed brother chanced to find his arm-chair occupied, he never would permit the occupant to be disturbed, no matter who might be present—but the *hard* chair he himself would endure, for hours if need be, until "Tom," unmolested, had finished his nap, and arisen and stretched himself, and deliberately given place of his own accord; and then, and not till then, would Mr. Hallock

resume his accustomed, his only comfortable seat.

Finally, the deceased was eminently *firm*. While no man should say that he was obstinate or stubborn, he who ventured to deal unjustly or overbearingly with him would be very apt to find him just as inflexible as he should be. To stand by truth and justice cost him no *effort*, cost whatever else it might. To the one who ventured to suggest that he should change the course of his editorials because a multitude of his subscribers were giving up their papers, he indignantly replied—"I do not consult my *subscription list* to find out my *principles*." One act indicative of his unyielding firmness—the most noble and exalted of his life as an act of devotion to principle, to what he believed to be the right—can never perish from the memory of the people or the records of the country,—the surrender of the editorship of the *Journal of Commerce*. That act, as such, shall go down

on the page of American history as the most distinguished memorial of a private citizen earned in our day. That calm, grand, and solemn editorial of August 31st, 1861, was a deliverance in self-defence,—before the accusing, confronting authorities,—to the Grand Jury of the country and the world,—and in the presence of Almighty God,—which proclaimed Gerard Hallock a man who, under a mandate regarded by him as despotism, could surrender his *property*, but not his *principles;* who could part with his tastes, his habits, his calling, and his comforts, but not with his *conscience*. A splendid adherence to principle, which embodied more of Roman dignity, integrity and intrepidity than one man in a generation has either the opportunity or the virtue to perform. That act, thus viewed, shall ever stand out by far the richest, loftiest legacy of which his family and his friends shall delight to boast. The solid virtue of this most noble act was fully sustained to

the last. Listen to these brave words concerning it, which fell from his lips some time previous to his death. "I have given up my business and half my property; and I am ready to give up the remainder, if necessary, and—*my life also.*"

Honor to humanity! It is a noble spectacle to see the ablest journals of the country, many of them hostile—a part inexorably so, for the quarter of a century—marching up to Mr. Hallock's grave to endorse our very loftiest ascriptions to his character.

Hark to a portion of that testimony:

THE TRIBUNE.

"His mistakes in politics never affected his personal integrity, or caused any man to doubt the honesty of his convictions.

THE TIMES.

"One of the kindest-hearted men, generous to a fault, fond of doing good, ever the suggester and promoter of benevolence, his concealed charities boundless and unceasing. His long life was devoted to enterprise in the right direction; and while differences in political and ecclesiastical points may have at times led him into discussions with his fellows, his purity of life and general bearing of charity toward all, were the notable features of his existence."

"He had a mind of powerful cast, a clear and almost prophetic view of the state of the country and its political relations, a broad and comprehensive appreciation of men and events, a thorough knowledge of the world and the influences which sway its destinies, and a courage to do and maintain the right at whatever sacrifice."

One more tribute. It is from the pen of editorial friendship.

"Gerard Hallock was a Christian of no weak faith or uncertain walk, a friend never to be distrusted, a man of noble heart, of kindliest sympathies, of child-like gentleness, a patriot, like whom would God we had a million more to-day. He has gone out of strife into a world where men are judged by no false witness. He has left a reputation to be admired and studied, and an influence which is limited in its extent only by the limit of American civilization."

All these testimonials are thus endorsed by one whose name and fame are co-extensive with our literature.

"I knew Gerard Hallock well. I knew him early, intimately, and long, from his student days onward. I knew him as a scholar, a gentleman, a christian, and a patriot; and I say what such knowledge of him authorizes me to say, that a man of more modesty of intellect and manners, of more integrity, of purer or broader patriotism, or sincerer piety (so far as man can judge of that) is not often seen,—is nowhere seen, in my belief. His record is on high."

Brethren of the church! what signal moral beauty, glory, and symmetry, pertain to the character of our ascended brother: so eminently simple, upright, modest, truthful, benevolent, and intrepid. And here let it be observed, that to do justice to the character of Mr. Hallock, it should be appreciated that the strength of immutability seems to pertain to the properties of his nature far more than to those of ordinary men. His virtues did not seem to lie loose upon the surface of his spirit, but to be fast anchored—nay, so ingrained, essentially, into the very texture of his soul—that his palpable impurity, or injustice, or immodesty, or untruthfulness, or unkindness, or imbecility, would seem to be an impossibility from the very nature of the man.

We have seen what a noble work for God and man our brother has been impowered to achieve. Should it surprise any man that such a character and such an intellect, indefatigably consecrated through a long and vigorous life,

has accomplished so much for the universal weal? Or should it surprise any man that such a human being should be profoundly loved and honored by all who know him? Oh! what in this world should be appreciated if we are not to set a value upon talent, and virtue and toil, working political prosperity to the country, and ecclesiastical advancement of the Kingdom of Christ.

When I look at Gerard Hallock living and Gerard Hallock dead, I feel summoned to call upon all men to give instant heed to the three great and simple examples which he has left for their imitation. Cultivate your *intellect* assiduously all through life as he did; that you may live for God and man. Cultivate your moral and religious *character* assiduously all through life as he did; that you may live for God and man. And now, be sure to consecrate this intellect and character to the *kingdom and crown of Christ,* assiduously all through life as he did; and though at the

last you may have your transient struggles, as did the master and the disciple, yet like them you shall soon cease from your labors and your good works shall follow you into the land of "pleasures forevermore." Observe now:

I. *The death of Gerard Hallock furnishes one of the sublimest exhibitions of Christian heroism on record in the Church of God.*

We beg leave to premise, that throughout his last illness, by the simple tests of scripture, the spectator could clearly discern the personal piety of the deceased. He saw that his conviction of sin was profound; his sorrow for sin godly; his faith in Christ exclusive; his submission to God sincere. In a word, he discovered, with perfect precision, that every doctrine, feeling, and purpose essential to the principles of religion were as clearly domiciled in the soul of Mr Hallock as in the heart of the happiest Christian of his acquaintance.

We premise again, that it pleased God for wise reasons, unrevealed to us, to deny to the

deceased the *conscious* comforts of Christianity. This is a common element of Christian experience, and perfectly natural in this case. A gloomy temperament; and a still more gloomy experience; and both intensified by the most gloomy condition of his body, it was perfectly natural that he should be temporarily unable to discover anything good in himself, and perfectly natural that he should disclaim its existence.

But there is a third point to which we beg leave to call your attention just here. *Below consciousness* there is an underlying surface of Christian experience. For though deprived at present of the *positive* consolations of the spirit, yet God and his religion are in the man. This constitutes an explanatory element indispensable to the intelligent comprehension of the phenomena of the case. Therefore it is, that though his faith as to himself has staggered, it has not fallen; though it receives no *outward* light, it still holds on in the dark.

In view of the peculiar moral character and condition of the sufferer, we repeat, we are not surprised that he should never have felt the raptures, rarely the consolations of religion ; nor that, just now, he is a stranger even to hope : nor that even this does not describe the extent of his bereavement. For observe, if you please, while unable to detect the presence of religion in his soul, the *absence* of it must of course seem to him a matter of consciousness. Ever prompt to respond to those who enquired concerning his spiritual state, on one occasion in reply, he thus expressed himself: "I know that he that believeth shall be saved ; but I have no faith. I know that he who is not regenerated must perish, and I have no evidence of regeneration." Such in substance was his laconic reply to every inquiry. Thus, you perceive, like the master in his last days, it was arranged that the disciple too, in his, should be placed under the hidings of his Father's countenance, as if God-forsaken.

In this appalling state of abandonment what were his surroundings? The King of Terrors was advancing hard upon him, sword in hand. This he knew. And Satan, who loves to worry whom he cannot destroy, and to take advantage of the crippled condition of his victim, doubtless rushed upon him like a giant, and plied his weary soul with that accursed troop of sore and fierce temptations whereby he had cowed and crushed his spirit through so many dark and bitter months of his life. "Thou art doomed." "The man that made not God his friend." "The man who is following the funeral of his own soul, and the grave thereof just at hand." "The great sinner whom a righteous God will like to damn."

In that death chamber of Mr. Hallock—what a scene! The sufferer all helpless and hopeless within! An array of overwhelming, crushing adversaries at the very door! And how did he bear himself in this unequal, this portentous conflict? He fixed his solemn eye upon

Death and Hell, and all their hideous retinue, and awaited their approach, to all appearance as composed and sustained as if that eye rested upon the opening gate of heaven. Yes! all alive to his immortality, accountability, depravity, and condemnation: fully sensible of the nearness of death and retribution: and all unconscious of acceptance, and feeling, as he thought, the very frown of heaven; yet such, after all, was his underlying confidence in the rectitude of God, and the truth of His word; such his hold upon the great foundations all in the dark; that not an act, or word, or thought, or tone indicated the very slightest agitation at any moment of his illness. He was just as calm and serene and self-poised as a man could be. He ever acted as if that were true, which he ever repeated to the day of his death, that he was but "half-sick." He went to the house of God just as long as he could ride in a vehicle. He read the Bible in family devotion just as long as he had the necessary voice.

He kneeled in prayer just as long as he could rise from his knees. He occupied his chair at the family table to the very meal before his death. Nor did he ever allow friend or kinsman to watch with him. No matter what the topic, secular or spiritual, yours or his, his conduct, his manners, his language, his tone were all just as easy and natural to the very moment of his death, as if the weight of a feather did not rest upon his mind.

On the day of his death he announced in the morning his belief that he had transacted his last act of business; consented during the day to an exchange of chambers from one on the second floor to another on the first; and allowed himself to be assisted, at night, to walk out of the sitting-room into the chamber. Placed in an easy chair, with his feet on the footboard near the stove, and his limbs, which had been growing cold for hours, comfortably wrapped, he looked up and half cheerful said: "How comfortable we all are here! We have everything

to make us happy. How much better off than many poor people this cold night! I would like to have you leave me alone for awhile; I am very comfortable." Five minutes had scarcely elapsed, ere the family returned and found him on the floor in the act of dying. We know nothing here; but the bystanders around his breathless body verily believe, that he solicited their absence because he knew he was near death, and neither wished to be confused by a sense of their presence, nor to pain them by the vision of the issue; that having committed his soul to God, he deliberately closed his own eyes, and sank powerless to the floor.

Most intensely oppressed by adverse truth; yet as mightily sustained by inwrought, uncomforted faith. What prodigious power is here! Quiet endurance without seeming support, under pressure almost infinite. Oh, what resplendent *heroism!!* Where in all this world will you find a courage like this? Behold

that grand army, in double quick rushing up to storm formidable works. They know that in the space of one single minute, the half of them must go down in the roar of the conflict, yet on they rush; what courage here? And yet the similar courage of a thousand just such armies would not supply the necessities of Mr. Hallock's death chamber. He thought, he knew, he ever *felt* that in his own soul he had more at stake than the lives of half the bodies of a thousand grand armies. And see! in a sense — nay! to his very consciousness — it seemed as if all was lost. And yet, that man was so calm, and to the very last could talk about the matter with infinite composure!! Oh! the power, and the value, and the dignity, and the heroism of our blessed Christianity! And oh! the omnipotent grace which God vouchsafes to a feeble creature, at the very moment when blinded nature feels that grace would scorn to notice his most piteous supplication!

II. The peculiarities of Mr. Hallock's natural temperament and religious experience *furnish a relieving exposition respecting the peculiarities of his social habits and manners.*

It must be acknowledged, that in some respects he was one of the most unsocial and solitary of the human family. He was rarely ever known to seek the society of a fellow man or make a social call upon a friend. One solitary visit in forty years is all that is noted in the family register. His *manners*, too, it must be confessed, in general were singularly grave and cold, taciturn and incommunicative.

If I mistake not, his *temperament* and *experience* had much to do in the construction of these *peculiarities.*

From his very youth he displayed a retiring, poetic, sombre constitution. The subjects of his compositions in college indicate this fact. Listen to the catalogue: "A Reverie among the Tombs," "Mayhew's Grave," "Autumn," "The Vale of Years," &c. The sentiments that per-

vade these productions confirm the judgment expressed. You will be assured of this, if you but peruse the first sentences of these compositions, without explanation, as they stand casually arranged in a book by a friend.

"My harp is broken, and my lyre unstrung;
My years are fled, my hopes in sackcloth hung;
And earth is pall'd in sadness, and its bloom
Is but the flower that blossoms o'er the tomb."

Again,—

"Ah me! How soon the bloom of friendship fades!
My dearest joys, oblivion's gloomy shades
Have curtained from me."

Again,—

"To a feeling heart there is something inexpressibly tender in the whispers of Autumn. It is a season which no one can approach without emotion, and none can pass through without feeling how transient and how perishable are the charms of earth."

Again,—

"Oh! how I bleed when pensively I tread
'Long the dread confines of the dead;
Where lone and sad the weeping willows wave
O'er the dark regions of the insatiate grave."

Again,—

"Oh hopeless, dismal state, to be confined
To this vile clay and this still viler mind!
Why chain me thus to my own mouldering corpse,
Which, only to behold, my senses warps
Into distraction? 'Tis an awful doom!
Yet I could bear the horrors of a tomb—
Corpse, winding sheet, and all the ghastly forms
That dance their orgies dire to reveling worms,
Were this my only destiny:—but oh!
The plague and torment of a *heart of woe.*"

These are the first sentences of compositions, not selected, but just as they succeed each other on the record. How clearly they reveal a melancholy chord in the very structure of the man. His sensibilities, like the strings of an Æolian harp, were touched by the slightest breath of mortal sorrow, and filled the possessor with the mournful strains of their every vibration. The fact is, this vein of constitutional pensiveness overspreads and tinges all the effusions of his mind, and stands out, the capital, distinguishing feature of his entire correspondence, as well as of his fugitive productions. We shall cite but one illustration.

In a letter to a friend, just after graduating, he says:

"Mr. E., is just such another secluded mortal as I am. We have a grove about a mile from the Academy that is really a solitary haunt. We usually visit it in the decline of day. A solemn stillness reigns, save the chattering of a multitude of moaning night birds that resort here as a retreat from the eye of man. It is closed from the face of day by a multitude of pines that overhang a spot where no flower ever blooms, and no plant ever receives the radiance of the sun. Here, retired from the din and hurry of life, we ponder on our nature, our duty and our destination."

Observe now, whatever morbid, sombre, gloomy temper nature gave him, his *religious convictions* could not fail to darken. Oh, the fearful images that haunted him through life! He has been heard to say, as already stated, that for a long time he was oppressed with the conviction that "the very atmosphere was gloomy;" that he himself was a doomed man; that every step he took on earth, was a treading in the funeral of his soul; that every human being that threw his eyes upon him on his way to perdition, would point and say,—"There

goes the man who made not God his friend." The strongest feelings of man on earth are the outworkings of God's truth on his soul. Such terrible images as abode upon Mr. Hallock's spirit; such dreadful anathemas as ever rung in his ears, must have stirred the hardest soul to its lowest foundations; how much more the subject of such dark and tender sensibility! Had he been a man of social nature, who could have thrown out his inmost thoughts and feelings upon his friends, and taken home their diluting meditations and their relieving views, it might have mitigated the severity of the infliction. Not so that sombre, lonely being, who shares his thoughts with none; but with intensest, ever-during contemplation holds up those terrific forms within, to frown their dark and harrowing power down to the profoundest depths of the soul. Oh, if there is a wretched man on earth, you have found him now! Who, who can doubt for an instant that such a constitution and such an experience are

the necessary parents of a solitaire? Such a man must be unsocial in his habits; unsocial in his manners. That morbid, melancholy, smitten spirit, ever listening to the echoings of such terrific curses and maddening forebodings in the dark caverns of his soul,—how can such a mortal endure society. Most assuredly *solitude* is the only possible refuge of such a spirit. The last thing such a man *can* do is to break away from his accursed tormentors, and the last thing he *would* do is to share his sorrows with another. Ingraft, therefore, the very slightest *truth* on the constitution of the unhappy man, and he must meet every one on earth with a gravity that would chill him; and he must part with him at sight, lest he be forced to *lie* by pretending an interest which he does not feel in any topic that may be presented.

We commend to you, brethren, the lesson we deduce from these reflections. Mr. Hallock's unsocial habits and manners are, in a

measure, the *philosophical result of his morbid constitution and his afflicting convictions.* Now, if any man has been accustomed in his own mind to ascribe his unsociableness to a proud, unfeeling, or selfish disposition, let him read here that inner history which his own delicacy would never have revealed, and from this hour let him do justice, and vindicate an innocent and afflicted fellow being from his own past unrighteous accusations. Above all, let the world deeply honor the departed when they reflect that instead of being driven by the assassins of his peace to intemperance, insanity, or suicide, he has, all through life, commanded himself with such perfection of intelligence and benevolence, that while on the one hand he has trodden the wine press alone, and never troubled a human being to share his sorrows; on the other he has managed to accomplish his great life-work to general satisfaction under all the heavy disadvantages of crippled peace and powers.

III. If the dark side of Mr. Hallock's nature advances claims to be relieved from the unjust imputations it may have awakened, *its brighter side will be sure to minister a pleasing surprise to many who may never have imagined its beautiful and touching features.*

In passing through life, Mr. Hallock's frigid exterior, — rather his unsympathizing surface, — to say the least, left him but very inadequately understood of men. It is due to God, the world, and the man, that an effort should be made to set him before his race somewhat as he was. In making a momentary effort in this direction, we must beg leave, first of the spirit of our departed brother, then of his family and the public, in this extraordinary case to be allowed to trespass a little beyond the ordinary limits of family privacy,— we almost fear of delicate propriety,—to reach those warm affections, beautiful sympathies, virtuous aspirations, noble promptings, sagacious hits, and a thousand other charming things

which abounded wherever his pen carried out the workings of his heart to his kindest and most intimate friends. Our simple method shall be to throw before you in his own words, and in unexplained connection, a continuous succession of these lovely exhibitions of his brighter side as we shall find them scattered through his private correspondence and fugitive productions.

"I anticipated much satisfaction in visiting with you, my brother, the seats of our childhood and recounting the simple and interesting annals of our morning years. There is something grateful in looking back upon the innocence of childhood—so cheerful—so happy—so indiscreet—so prone to feed on ideal bliss, and yet with us so guarded and sanctified by the watchfulness of our dear parents. Few, very few, my brother, have such cause for thankfulness in view of family concerns as we have."

To a brother in England:

"I shall think of you as sustained and soothed by the nearest, kindest, and best of earthly comforters. It is true I have not the means of knowing definitely the precise value of the prize you have drawn; but from the fact of its being that which a *wise man has chosen*, I cannot doubt but it has made you rich indeed. I should want no better

recommendation of a woman, as far as it goes, than her willingness to embark on a 3,000 or 4,000 miles voyage, leaving her delightful shores and friends behind, in order that she might benefit and bless the ignorant and perishing.

As you have entered on this new relation without counsel from your American friends, so I suppose you are not very anxious whether they approve or disapprove of the course you have taken. Nevertheless, I shall make bold to say, that, so far as I know, we heartily concur in the wisdom of your choice, and wish that a thousand blessings may rest upon you and your partner. I know the state upon which you have entered is infinitely promotive of human happiness. Were I alone in life, instead of being a husband and a father, I would embrace the first fair opportunity of binding myself in these silken chains. All that a miserable Cœlebs anticipates of cares and troubles in the married state, is a dream of his own imagination; for these very cares and troubles, shared in so endearing a connection, are converted into pleasure."

On parting with a friend, he throws out this passionate burst:

"I sometimes exclaim in a kind of agony, 'cruel fate! that should thus tear me from my best friends.' I have but few *friends* on earth; but those few are dearer to me than life. Be assured that, whether living or dying, I am your sincere but unworthy friend."

To his wife:

"There is no where on earth to be compared with the peaceful shelter of my home."—"How happy you and I are

in our home life. If we look over the past, scarcely a breath has ruffled the surface of our social relations. Now I know the stubbornness of my own disposition too well—yes, and my excitability too, not to understand to whom this beautiful harmony and love are, under God, to be attributed. You have never undertaken to *rule* me; and yet by keeping within your own sphere *you have* ruled me even as you listed. I wish a thousand other women might understand this secret of a wife's supremacy. It is all told in some of the Epistles, but how few women, comparatively, so read as to understand."

"'Your hope in Jesus!' I know of nothing on earth which could have given me such unmingled satisfaction. And I desire to thank God for his mercy vouchsafed in your behalf. In some respects we have been unfortunate, but how little do these things appear when contrasted with the amazing interests of the soul. I rejoice with you, and ever will rejoice, in what Jesus has, as we humbly trust, done for you; and my fervent desire is that I may be like you as far as you bear the image of the Saviour."

"But God has been better to us than our fears; yes, better than our hopes; and after what He has done for you, may He not do the same for me? I feel that I need His salvation; that He is infinitely worthy of my love, and that I am wholly unworthy of His favorable notice."

"My home is now more desirable to me by far than ever, since it is consecrated by the Christian's affections and the Christian's hope." "We have lived together many years

very happily, and I hope more are in reserve for us." "I am these days very cheerful and very sad. I feel all the time as if I owed a thousand thanks for the mercy manifested to you, but I rejoice *with sorrow* for what I know and feel in regard to myself." "I want that you should not give me up as reprobate, nor be discouraged by anything I have said, from dropping your sweet words of piety in my ears, and placing them before my eyes, as often as you please. There is no knowing which shall prosper, this or that. And furthermore, it is pleasant to me *in itself.* I hope it is to you." "It is something that I can have your prayers, and that I can know there is at least one in this world who cares for my soul. I wish I could join you in your path to the Heavenly Canaan. I feel I have lived long enough in this way, and have no desire to live longer unless I can live better, save for the single purpose of providing for and loving my family and being loved by them."

To his child:

"My Dear Daughter: I write you this line to tell you how sorry I am that I spoke to you so harshly when you entered the carriage on Monday morning. I must learn to be more gentle, even if I am hurried. I should have said something like this: 'Now, my child, I am afraid you will be disappointed. You have got into the carriage expecting to ride to school with me; but I am obliged to go in the opposite direction on business. Next Monday morning I shall hope to have the pleasure of your company.' You will learn from my example, how bad it is to be impatient, and how uncomfortable it is to others. I hope my child will culti-

vate the opposite virtue, and that her father will do likewise. I suppose as you see Thomas plowing the garden, and James beginning to plant, you are thinking about *your* garden also. You must have a little spot which you can call yours, where you can plant or set out what you please, and see the plants grow, and call them your own. But you also have a full interest, in common with the rest of the family, in all the garden, trees and grounds, and I trust you will enjoy yourself much in running about and hearing the birds sing, and swinging. I hope to see you again next Saturday, in which case perhaps we shall find time to take a little walk together, and see the oxen, and the bird's nest."

To a relative:

"My little Caroline went to *sleep* (for to nothing else could it be so aptly compared,) on Sabbath evening at a quarter past six, and was buried yesterday afternoon. Her sick room afforded such an example of meekness, patience and submission, amidst great weakness, and for some days extreme suffering, as is scarcely ever seen. She had her reason to the last, and her little corpse looked so sweet and lovely that one would have almost wanted to kiss it. I feel a degree of confidence that she is safe in the arms of the Saviour, many of whose traits of character as a man she so closely imitated. Those who have associated with her most intimately and freely, think she has been a *Christian* for months. She was asked what she must do in order to go to heaven. She answered, she must love Jesus Christ and obey his commandments, or to that effect: and then added, "I hope I do love him some." She has for many

months past expected to be very short lived. A little before she was taken with her last sickness, noticing the birds on the trees close by, something was said about their soon leaving us. The remark was added, "but they will come back next spring," and my Caroline said, "but I shall not be here," and after a pause, "nor at mamma's house. I shall be in my little grave in the burying ground."

We trust we have laid before you extracts from his correspondence in sufficient variety and extent to reveal this fact: that he at heart was an impassioned friend and a loving husband and father; that he had a passionate admiration of the sweets of home, and a shrewd vision of the ways of Providence; in a word, that he was a gifted man, so gentle, modest, and just; so sombre, and yet so sprightly; that could you have penetrated the shell his melancholy mood had built around him, you yourself might have found in the brighter, inner features of his character, just such a fellow-man as you should have delighted to record your nearest neighbor and your bosom friend.

IV. Mr. Hallock's experience was in itself pre-eminently *Christian*, and to his friends should be profoundly consoling.

It is proper to premise, that the ministers of the gospel who visited him during his last days had abundant opportunities of personal conversation with the deceased, and that he always expressed his feelings with the utmost freedom and distinctness. Nor should it be forgotten, that he knew his own religious consciousness as definitely, and could express it as perspicuously, as almost any man knew and could explain his. When, therefore, the attending ministers declare that he possessed this and that defined religious feeling, every one must decide for himself in the premises the degree of confidence which should be reposed in that testimony.

In their judgment, the dying experience of Mr. Hallock, in its type, was the dying experience of his Master. Jesus felt Himself forsaken of God. As a man, so did His humble

disciple. Under this desertion Jesus only held the more tenaciously to God. As a man, so did this humble disciple. Through all His conflict Jesus submitted Himself reverently to the will of God. As a man, so did this humble disciple. Finally, from duty to duty, apparently uncheered, Jesus passed on into the presence of God. As a man, so we trust, did this humble disciple.

The dying experience of Mr. Hallock exhibited exact conformity to the conditions prescribed by Christ to secure his blessing. On a distinguished occasion, said Jesus Christ: "Blessed are the poor in spirit;"—honest self-abasement for sin against God. If we knew the state of his mind, *this* was one of the strong feelings of his soul. "Blessed are they that mourn;"—deep grieving of soul for neglect and disobedience of a righteous and merciful Father. If we knew the state of his mind, *this* was one of his deepest convictions. "Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after

righteousness;"—strong desires for righteousness for its own sake, and because due to God. If we understood his feelings, *this* was one of the sincerest longings of his soul. Now, if Mr. Hallock's dying experience bore such marked resemblance to that of his Master, and involved such ample compliance with the prescribed conditions of His blessing, surely we are warranted in saying that his experience was pre-eminently *Christian.*

It may surprise unreflecting men, it is nevertheless true, that Mr. Hallock's exercises in their nature give the very *strongest* evidence of religion which it is in the power of man to exhibit. Like David in the Psalms, our departed brother, in all his desolation, seems to stand before God, and substantially press this most solemn plea: "My Maker, blot out all lights, cut down all comforts, strike away all props, inflict all curses, and brand reprobation upon my very soul, so that I shall seem to taste the bitter doom; still I cannot, cannot

give thee up. I have nothing, to fall back upon. Nothing that I love,—nothing that I want,—nothing that can fill my soul, or cheer my heart. I have been put out of sympathy with everything on earth as a chief good. Nothing suits my great relations,—nothing meets the solemn demands of my moral nature. My God, I cannot let thee go. Thou art my all in all. Abandon, afflict, accurse, slay me,—yet will I trust in Thee. A wreck and a wretch without Thee, ah, whither, whither shall I go? Oh my God and Saviour! while I have any being I must cling to thee, to thee only, to the bitter end." Regeneration puts the soul out of vital sympathy with creation, into vital sympathy with God, and when roused and put into desperate straits, it must act precisely as described above. And observe; nothing but regeneration can act so, and therefore nothing can so triumphantly prove regeneration. Every other species of Christian evidence must have something *joy-*

ous about it. Now nature loves to be joyous, and in these cases this may be all that is loved. But everything that nature loves is stormed away from Mr. Hallock's soul, and nothing, nothing therefore, but naked Christian principle, could hold on at such a time. As yon oak on the mountain crag, which, though stripped and dismantled in its fearful wrestle with the tempest, still stands firmly rooted,—anchored to the rock.

We have not discussed this point to brace up Mr Hallock's Christian character. It needed no support. That splendid, old fashioned, orthodox, Calvanistic account of his experience, left us in his own hand-writing,* in these days is a rare and ample evidence of his personal interest in the religion of the Lord Jesus. "By their fruits ye shall know them." Fourteen years ago he united with this church, under the fervent, faithful ministry of its first pastor, Rev.

---

*See Appendix.

J. C. Stiles, D. D., and ever since his blameless, spiritual walk and conversation have been a Christian testimony which needs no confirmation. No! It was rather for the comfort of his friends that we called up these thoughts. Many persons, not deeply learned in the elements, action, and evidence of true religion, forgetting that Jesus Christ Himself had an experience of which this disciple's was an almost exact counterpart, would be very apt to be made unhappy and hopeless by the seeming comfortless gloom of his last days. Profound consolation, rather, they should assuredly feel in view of two truths—his experience was pre-eminently *Christian,* and the very strongest type and style of Christianity earth shall ever know.

Brethren and sisters, and friends of this church and congregation! I come to your relief at last. You have enjoyed all this attempted tribute to the work and worth of our

friend. And you have rejoiced to have the world stand by and give heed to these solid testimonials of his exalted character. But you have felt, too, that you have long sustained a far warmer, closer relation to the departed than the world can claim, and are not content therefore to yield only a formal respect to his memory. You demand now, to be allowed to come nearer to our honored, sainted brother. But where is the evidence? Where the bond? Where the monument of his peculiar relation to you? *Here* it is, brethren! *This noble edifice!*

"*He hath loved our nation and built us a synagogue.*"

Christianity is the fountain head of all good to man,—individual, national, universal. Abstract from any people all the good they have received from Christianity, and that nation is doomed. Impart the blessings of true religion to every inhabitant of a nation, and that people you glorify. Piety, therefore, is the per-

fection of patriotism. Christianity, remember, works out its redeeming effects through a church and its ordinances. He, therefore, who discreetly builds a synagogue, is the prince of patriots.

But it has been said that Mr. Hallock built this sanctuary for earthly gain,—to magnify the value of his adjacent land. He always said that this charge would be tabled; but added, "if the accuser knew my business as well as I do, he would not risk his accusation." Time has proved the man impeached the wiser financier. One hundred and nineteen thousand dollars have already been expended upon the enterprise. Had this sum, with the consecrated thought and toil of fourteen years, been otherwise invested, the issue, all must see, would have verified his prediction, and he would have lived and died a richer man.

Mr. Hallock, his bitterest enemies now admit, was an eminently honest and truthful man. What account does he give of his own motives

in the erection of the church? A Christian brother, witnessing an exhibition of his splendid liberality, after a momentary pause, thus addressed him: "You have two things to be thankful for, which, jointly, bless but few men: a large purse, and a large heart in the disbursement of it." With his accustomed philosophic gravity, he thus responded: "From my boyhood I have observed that every man grew covetous in proportion as he grew rich, if he did not keep giving. I am making money and *must* give it." Observe now, he affirmed to his friends that one motive which influenced him to build the church, was *self-protection;* to defend the liberalities of his natural heart against the choking grasp of approaching covetousness.

Above all unconverted men we ever knew, he felt, spoke, acted, and aimed most like a Christian. He was always a great Sabbath-keeping, church-going man. Between his own home and the central city church which he

attended on every Sabbath, he had seen so much desecration of the day, so many children running wild in the streets, that he naturally felt that it would be an unspeakable blessing to establish a good Christian church in these then neglected outskirts of the city. Observe again! Mr. Hallock always stated to his friends that *another* motive which actuated him in the erection of the church was, *love to his neighbors.*

Right or wrong, Mr. Hallock had long believed that the primitive piety of New England was somewhat on the wane: that the old-fashioned, simple, orthodox preaching of his father, uncle, and the men of their day, urging steadily and passionately the distinguishing doctrines of the gospel, had given way to a degenerate exhibition of God's message, which travels out too far from the heart of Christianity to matters more external, and imports indiscreetly into the sanctuary the fires of political and fanatical excitement. With many

other men, he verily believed that another kind of Gospel presentation—one that would keep close to the great central doctrines, and fire up on *these*, and rather close the door against the unwholesome foreign fires of the day, would work, both in its direct and exemplary influence, a vast advantage to the cause of Christ. Observe once more! Mr. Hallock always affirmed to his friends, that, with him, a *third* object of his church erection, was the glory of God in the dissemination of a purer gospel.

We reaffirm,—he was a man *to be believed;* especially when he stands in God's house, before the officers of God's church. It was under these solemn circumstances that you heard him on the last Sabbath* bear testimony to the deep religious workings of his soul respecting this very matter of the building of the church.

"I saw the walls of the Church going up, with the feeling that I was precisely in the condition of Noah's carpenters, who were building an ark for the salvation of others,

*See Appendix.

but were themselves to be lost. I believe, as nearly as I can analyze my feelings at that time, I was glad to have others saved, even if I must be lost."

Thus, on multiplied occasions, he has borne witness that he built this church to accomplish these three ends, viz:—*to shield his own heart from covetousness; to give his destitute neighbors the blessings of a convenient, christian church;* and, with all the solemnity of the presence of his Maker, *to give God glory in the salvation of men.* He, then, whose profane tongue styles this sacred house, "the church of the Holy Compromise," "the land speculation," would do well to ponder the doom of him who "offends one of these little ones."

Have the objects of the builder in the construction of the church been accomplished? Thank God! from the day of its dedication it has been a church of revivals. What human thought can compass the blessings which God hath seemed to distribute through the instrumentality of this enterprise! How many chris-

tian professors, through its services and influence, have been preserved from backsliding and declension; have been edified, sanctified and comforted; have been kept in a state of prayer and faith and daily duty; and have here found a field of helpful christian effort, been upheld under trial, and finally, matured for heaven! How many children have been gathered into the Sabbath school, and youth into the Bible class, and been instructed, restrained, advised, and received that well-laid foundation on which God's saving work shall be built ere long! Yes! And how many sinners, we have reason to hope, have been converted to God and eternally saved! Oh! who can speak the holy consolations, the heavenly fellowship we have enjoyed in this church, especially in seasons of revival! Nor have we alone received the blessings of this sacred enterprise. For glad we are that our noble benefactor has had his share in the smiles of God upon us. Contrary to his dark forebodings, unlike Noah's

builders, he did find salvation in the ark he built. Like his brothers and sisters, he too has ever found a pure, increasing satisfaction in all the services of this house of God, much more than any mortal knew.

But we are here to-day to record the fact that our great friend, our precious benefactor, is no more. Our solemn, modest, pure, dear Mr. Hallock has left us for the eternal world. We shall see him no more at our weekly meetings for social prayer. We shall see him no more every Sabbath, moving with measured step up this middle aisle as solemn as Moses on his way to the summit of Sinai. We shall behold him no more seated in yonder pew, with reverence so stern that from the founding of the church he has never been known on a single occasion to turn his head, to look upon a face, or to trace a sound. We shall meet him no more at yonder sacred table where we so often fed upon the bread of life together. Oh yes! our great friend, our patron brother, is gone!

and who will take his place? To help us, who so wise, so kind, so vigilant, so firm, so strong as he? If we rarely *heard* him, surely we ever *felt* him. For he was our peace, and under his wings did we trust. He was our glory, and at our head we felt honored. But he is gone, and who, who we ask shall fill his place? Already we begin to dream that we feel the foundations shaking beneath us, and see the heavens blackening above us. What! are all these sacred privileges insecure? All this rich fellowship, these endearing consolations, these cherished hopes, this valued accustomed platform for Christian work—like him is none left now to throw his wing over us and all our holy blessings, and uphold when days of storm and sorrow come? Hearken, oh my people, hearken to the one only voice of consolation, "Fear not, for *I* am with thee; be not dismayed, for *I* am thy God; *I* will strengthen thee; yea *I* will help thee; yea, *I* will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness." I solemnly

proclaim this present Christian trust in God Himself the one only lesson of our salvation at this sorrowful crisis. We must now put God in the place of man, and in His own far higher place. We must learn to expect far more from our unseen Father above than we ever received from our earthly father here. Alas! we may have been destroying our power to trust in God, by cherishing too happy a confidence in man.

Though it cost severest grief, on this solemn day let us learn this only saving lesson. God has taken our loved and loving brother. Here, then, in the house he built, his own appropriate monument; on the confines of that narrow house where we so lately laid his precious dust; in vivid memory of all we have so long enjoyed with him in happy Christian fellowship; just here and now, we will heartily give him up, and let him go. And here and now we do most humbly covenant, that from this sad hour we will struggle to

give God in our affections the highest place, and in all our coming trials the truest trust; while the memory of our dear brother we will enshrine in our inmost souls, and to his sainted spirit bid a solemn, tender, farewell,—farewell!

The following relation of Christian experience has been referred to in the Discourse. It was originally prepared and read by Mr. Hallock to the Committee of the Church. He did not himself feel that he had such evidence of regeneration as would justify an application for admission to Christian communion. He was, however, induced by his pastor to ask advice of his brethren, and accordingly gave to them this account of his spiritual state. It was found among his papers after his death, and was read at his funeral. The insight into his inner life which it furnishes, justifies its presentation here.

APPENDIX.

Like most other persons religiously educated, I have, almost from my infancy, experienced seasons of special religious awakening;—sometimes my mind has been deeply impressed, and I have seemed to myself not far from the kingdom of God.

In looking back to such periods, I can see, I think, that I was always secretly relying upon something which I had done or could do, as a ground of my acceptance,—and never, under a proper sense of my own vileness, casting myself *wholly* upon the mercy of God in Jesus Christ. Consequently, instead of being regenerated, as I might have been, had it not been for my own self-reliance, I always lost my impressions, after days or weeks or months, and became as careless and indifferent as ever to the concerns of my soul.

With the progress of years, and the cares of the world, these seasons of awakening became less frequent, and in general, less powerful. I was sometimes alarmed to see how deeply I was sunk in worldliness, and how I seemed to be abandoned by the Holy Spirit, without whose influences I knew I never should be converted. In the meantime, there grew up in my mind a conscious alienation from God, together with a kind of remorse, and a feeling that God

would like to damn me, by way of retributive vengeance. In this state of mind I was, when a revival took place in Rev. Mr. Strong's congregation, with which I was then connected,—I think it was in the winter of 1848–9. It had no effect upon me at first, except to bring out my latent enmity. I attended none of the meetings, except the two regular services on the Sabbath,—until one Sabbath noon, one of the Deacons called at my house, and spoke to me plainly, though kindly, about my soul. I heard what he said, but replied in monosyllables, and was glad when he was gone. I then felt determined *not* to attend to the subject of religion at that time, and I felt a sort of desperation, which disposed me to postpone the whole subject to an uncertain future, whatever the consequences might be. In this fearful and Heaven provoking way, my mind became roused, and I began to see that I was probably lost. The very atmosphere seemed gloomy, and there was constantly before my mind, for days, if not weeks, the idea of my own funeral from my own pleasant home, after having enjoyed more than my share of the good things of this life,—a wretched outcast from God, with the feeling deep in the minds of the spectators, and by some perhaps expressed,—"This is the man that made not God his friend." I knew that these dreadful words were applicable to my case; and they rung in my ears from day to day. At length my alarm gradually subsided, and was succeeded by a calm, in which I remember to have felt a strong desire to be good, pure, and Christ-like. This continued for some days. As I never had had such feelings before, the thought crossed my mind that possibly—just possibly—this was conversion. I however did not allow myself to hope, and expressed no

hope to others. Indeed no person knew the state of my mind with any exactness, nor do I suppose any one was aware that I had been so deeply interested on the subject of religion. I continued my daily reading of the Bible and prayer for several months, and then dropped both, except occasionally,—finding them irksome and uncongenial to my wicked heart. For nearly a year prior to Dr. Stiles' coming to New Haven, I had scarcely ever attempted to pray. I saw the walls of the church going up, with the feeling that I was precisely in the condition of Noah's carpenters, who were building an ark for the salvation of others, but were themselves to be lost. I believe, as nearly as I can analyze my feelings at that time, I was glad to have others saved, even if I must be lost. Dives in the parable had a similar desire.

When Dr. Stiles and Rev. Mr. Sawtell came to New Haven with reference to the dedication of the new Church, in June 1852, they both made my house their home. I was struck with the very serious manner in which they treated the matter, praying over it again and again, publicly and privately. My impressions of the great moral difference that existed between those men and myself, were also strong. Dr. Stiles once remarked to me that the manner in which *we* should dedicate that church, might, and probably would, have a decided bearing upon its usefulness, as long as its walls should stand. I however felt that I could not enter into his spirit,—that I could do nothing towards devoting the church to Christ, except to give the use of its walls to those who might wish to occupy them,—and I was painfully conscious of a moral deadness, coldness, and alienation from God. But I did not yet attempt to come to any

better state of mind—I did not pray—I had not done so for months! One day Dr. Stiles told me he wanted pretty soon to have a plain conversation with me on the subject of personal religion; at the same time giving me to understand that he suspected I was a Christian. I told him I should be happy to talk with him, but if he expected to find anything good in *me*, he would be greatly disappointed. One Sabbath evening, I think, he spent half an hour in a kind inquiry as to my state of mind; and when he ascertained it, he presented to me God as a kind Father, and myself as a wayward, undutiful child; he showed how ready and anxious that kind Father was to receive me into his arms, notwithstanding my far wanderings, and what He had done to render it possible to receive me, consistently with His justice, honor, truth, the equity of His administration and the welfare of His universe. This conversation was admirably fitted to my hard, alienated, desperate state of mind; and the idea that God was so ready to forgive and bless and save even me, notwithstanding my long life of sin, overpowered my feelings, and sent me too my knees, as soon as I found myself alone, I then, for some days, was in much the same condition as before described, when my funeral was so constantly before my eyes, accompanied with the dreadful sentence, "This is the man that made not God his friend." The world looked gloomy to me, and I had no taste for business or diversion of any kind. Without God and without hope in the world, were the words continually recurring to my mind. For weeks and months following this date, my soul was more absorbed in the things of religion than anything else. Dr. Stiles' preaching from Sabbath to Sabbath, and his prayers and exhortations

at other meetings, went home to my understanding and conscience, as no such exercises ever did before. It would be tedious to particularize. But I may mention that his sermon from the text, "If I be a Father where is my honor?" was a powerful one to me, and so were his numerous sermons on the love, grace, mediatorship, and atoning sacrifice of Christ. A remark which he made in one of his sermons, that "nothing stands between the sinner and salvation but his own *will*," came home to my mind as clearly as light, and, as a visible, tangible truth, practical in my own case, it was new to me; for I had always had a *secret* feeling that I was willing and waiting to be saved; but that God was not quite ready;—that I must use more means, strive more, be better, &c., and then perhaps He would receive me. For weeks and months, my trips in the cars to and from New York were almost wholly devoted to religious thought and the repetition of hymns; and I may say, they were pleasant seasons, particularly after my mind had settled to some degree of calmness. The hymns which I speak of,—I mean those which were continually recurring to my mind,—I had never committed to memory, although I had often read them. The first hymn that occupied this prominence in my mind, was that beginning,

"Like sheep we went astray,
And broke the fold of God."

bringing up vividly man's ruin and Christ's sacrifice. A little later, the hymn,

"How heavy is the night,
That hangs upon our eyes,
'Till Christ with his reviving light
Over our souls arise,"

was uppermost in my thoughts. This hymn revealed the preciousness of Christ, and His perfect righteousness in place of my unrighteousness.

Our guilty spirits dread
To meet the wrath of Heaven,
But in his righteousness arrayed,
We see our sins forgiven.

Unholy and impure,
Are all our thoughts and ways,
His hand infected nature cures,
With sanctifying grace.

The powers of hell agree
To hold our souls in vain;
He sets the sons of bondage free,
And breaks the cursed chain.

Lord, we adore thy ways
To bring us near to God;
Thy sovereign power, thy healing grace,
And thine atoning blood.

These two hymns, I suppose, passed through my mind scores, if not hundreds of times, and seemed fresh and interesting each time, and an exact expression of my own feelings and views. Later, and after the strength of my feelings had subsided, the hymn,

"The Lord my Shepard is,"

took the place of the foregoing; or perhaps I should say, was added to them; and was often repeated, with admiration and delight.

And here I must say, that if God has begun a good work in me, (concerning which I am in great doubt,) I suppose

the change took place within three months after Dr. Stiles came to New Haven. I recollect to have had very distinct and strong impressions of the readiness of God in Christ to save sinners, even the chief; and that all the reason why I was not saved, was my own unwillingness to submit. All my hardness towards God seemed to have passed away. and I looked upon Him and His character with approbation, At least I thought so, and that I wished none of His attributes or commandments changed, whatever might be the consequences to me personally.

I have not allowed myself to hope that I was a renewed man, and yet I have detected a *lurking* hope, for a number of months past,—I hardly know why, unless it be that I have had an habitual feeling akin to reconciliation, and an interest in the prosperity of the Redeemer's kingdom. But on the other hand, I find so much coldness in my heart, so little love and faith, if, any at all—and so many other things that a holy God cannot approve, that I know not whether I have any right to enter Christ's fold. I shall take it as a real kindness, if my Christian friends will probe my heart to the bottom, and then advise me what is my duty. I earnestly desire faithful and plain dealing, in a matter involving the well-being of my soul, and in some small measure the purity of the church and the Glory of God.

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY
BERKELEY

Return to desk from which borrowed.
This book is DUE on the last date stamped below.

10Dec'48 J{

LD 21–100*m*-9,'48(B399s16)476

YC 16510

914 Z
H192
C319

M160451

THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY